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THE LILY.

DEVOTED TO THE INTERESTS OF WOMAN.

AMELIA BLOOMER,

EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

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NO. 1.

Written for The Lily.

"THE LILY."

Tho' the Summer is over, and rich Autumn's gone,
And Boreas is singing his chill wintry song,
Yet "The Lily" is blooming more lovely and fair,
With its odors, as fragrant, perfuming the air.

Go not to the dark frozen earth if you'd find
This chosen of flowers, which emblems the mind;
But with fond hearts best affections 'tis blending;
Its mission—the fallen and suffering befriending.

Like an angel of mercy, with powers to bless,
It whispers good will to mankind in distress;
Looking in at the work-shop, and lone garret room,
It speaks to the toiler, thro' poverty's gloom.

At the home once as happy as now it is sad,
When the parent with Bacchus is revelling and mad,
Its influence will linger, with prayer and entreaty,
And win back the fallen to honor and duty.

To the victim that willingly bows at the shrine
Of the goddess of Fashion,—self-torturing crime—
It utters its warnings, unveils the foul wrong
Which gnaws at the vitals and crushes the strong.

The inebriate, the widow, the orphan, the poor;
The houseless and friendless, who beg at our door,
It feeds by its counsels with joys that ne'er cease,
And points in the pathway of plenty and peace.

From the homes of the thousands made glad by this friend,
A prayer from each heart to Jehovah ascends;
And the chorus which swells up to Heaven will be,
"God-speed this thy servant, 'till Earth shall be free."

Yes, God bless "THE LILY," may its influence ne'er die;
Angels water it oft with dews from on high;
When the Master shall call her away from the earth,
May it bloom in her hands, in a heavenly birth.
Lansing, Mich. 1851. BLANCHE.

John Moore, living near Albany, shot his wife, and then himself, on Thursday night of last week. Both had been drinking hard during the day. When found, two little orphan children were weeping over the body of their murdered mother. The little girls were sent to the Albany Orphan Asylum.



OUR FASHION PLATE.

We take pleasure in laying before our readers two styles of the new costume, for winter, as worn by ladies here and in other localities.

A lengthy description of these fashions we deem unnecessary as they show for themselves what they are; but as we have been enquired of frequently what material was to be worn for winter, and in what style to be made, we will say that broadcloth, velvet, tweed and merino's are used according to the taste and means of the wearer. The dress is usually made with a yoke at the neck, and plaited waist, without bodice or whale-bones, and a full skirt set on with a belt or cord; or a plain waist, buttoned part way up in front, and then left open displaying an under kerchief, or buff vest. There are other styles, but with these we are most familiar. The trousers are worn both full and plain, according to choice. The full ones are more to our liking. We think them not as liable to get muddy as the plain straight ones, for the reason that they are gaged up several times and set closer about the ankles. They are made like children's drawers at the top—open at the sides, and button to a waist.

If our readers are curious to know which of the figures in the plate represents our dress most faithfully, they can imagine they see us in the sacque and bonnet.

Although we have dearly loved our dress since its first adoption, we never fully appreciated its beauties and benefits till since the coming on of winter. It is much warmer, with a smaller amount of clothing, than the old style, and there are no long skirts to gather up mud and snow, and whip it upon the ankles, or to become drabbed and frozen a foot in depth. We know that many look upon us as singular—that many frown upon us for daring to do different from the mass; but having experienced the blessings of freedom, we cannot rivet the chains upon ourself again, even to gain the good will, or to avoid the frowns of slavish conservatives.

Many put on the short dress in sport, during the excitement of last summer, and after making a display of themselves a few times laid it aside. Others there were, who being deeply sensible of the great injuries and discomforts inflicted on our sex by the prevailing style of dress, rejoiced in the prospect of the speedy emancipation of wo-

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man from the tyranny of fashion.—Believing that thousands had offered themselves a sacrifice upon the altar of this goddess, and gone down to the grave in the spring of their days, and knowing that the mass of women who now live are bowing and worshipping at the same shrine—sacrificing health and comfort, and reaping for themselves disease and premature decay of all the faculties—they needed no persuasion to enlist them on the side of reform. These adopted and advocated the new style from principle, and still adhere to it, despite the ridicule and censure which has been meted out to them so abundantly.

Many aware of, and acknowledging the evils of the old style, and convinced of the advantages of the new, are yet deterred from adopting it by their fear of ridicule, their dislike of doing different from the mass, and making themselves conspicuous, or from a restraint put upon them by their own friends. They "really hope it will be the fashion," but they "cannot adopt it till it becomes general." Thus, while nearly all admit its superiority, but few have the courage to act out their feelings and wishes.

But whether women generally adopt the new style or not, one great point is gained. We are frequently told, by ladies who would gladly escape from slavery did not fear of the "world's dread laugh" bind them hand and foot, that the agitation of this subject will do great good—that whether our dress is generally adopted or not, a great reform will follow the discussion of the subject.

In our view this subject of dress is not without importance. It is but an evidence of woman's progress. Nothing short of ignorance of physical laws, and a slavish observance of custom, could so long have caused her to torture and deform God's most perfect handiwork! Woman cannot be free or great, with limbs swathed in long skirts, the vital organs compressed to half their natural size, and bound in stays, and a grievous weight hanging upon them and dragging down the whole form. She cannot be healthy in body or mind, or produce vigorous and healthy offspring while thus enslaved. Whether any radical reform will follow immediately upon the agitation of this subject is doubtful; but emancipation must come—it may be slowly—but it must and will come, as surely as woman is a creature of intelligence and progress, and according as she advances in a knowledge of Nature's laws, and the designs of her own creation. Once burst the fetters of ignorance and remove the fears and prejudices which have obstructed her path hitherto—let her drink at the fountain of pure knowledge, and be baptized with the spirit of liberty and equality, and she will no longer offer herself and her offspring martyrs upon the altar of fashion, or dare to call down upon herself the wrath of the Almighty for thus mutilating and destroying the work which came perfect from HIS hand.

Written for the Lily.

TALES OF TRUTH.

BY FRANCES D. GAGE.

"Will you please, ma'am, to let my mother have some milk?" said a pale-faced, slender little girl, of about ten years.

"Which will you have, Jenny, sweet or sour, this morning?"

"Mother said it was no difference which, we can eat either; and mother says beggars must not be choosers."

"How is your mother, now, Jenny—any better than she was last week?"

"Yes, I guess she is. She has been out washing every day this week—though she says her breast hurts her all the time."

"She ought to keep quiet till her breast gets well. You tell her, Jenny, that I said so; if she don't she will be entirely laid up, and then she will lose more than she gains by hurrying out."

"So Mrs. Keys said to her the other day.—But mother said it was no use for people to talk so—she could not lie by; if she did she must

starve, for she had not got her winter's wood, or flour, or meal, nor any shoes for Kate or Edward. The day that she went out first after she was sick, she cried hard before she started. Well, had not a mite of bread in the house, and mother said she was afraid she should get clear down again—but what could she do?"

"True enough," said Mrs. Marcy, musing, after Jenny was gone, "what can she do? How heartless it is for us to tell one like Mary Harris to keep still; how wrong it is too, to do it, without we open our hands to help her hard needs. No, she cannot rest and get well, with her children crying for food; and wet, reveling in luxury, forget her poverty, her sorrow and her pain, till she is forced to do what we heartlessly, coldly tell her she must not do."

"Mother," said Helen, "what made Mrs. Harris so poor?"

"Listen, and I will tell you—and you, George, may give heed, for it is a tale that may teach you a deep and impressive lesson. Yes, my son, though you feel strong in the fresh vigor of your manhood to resist evil, you may still be overtaken; and when I saw you yesterday smoking that cigar, and laughing over it in your glee, I felt a sad presentiment creeping into my heart. Yes, George, the thought stung me like the bite of an adder—MY BOY, TOO, MAY FALL! But to my story."

Mary Cadwallader was, twelve years ago, one of the brightest and smartest girls in L. Her father was a farmer and well to do; and Mary was better educated than the common run of farmer's daughters. She was not taught what the world calls accomplishments; but she was accomplished in the principles of honest industry, careful frugality, and earnest truth, which, if we can have but the one, are far better than the outward garnishings of genteel life. Mary was considered a great beauty; but beauty did not spoil her heart, though it worked out for her a sad and fearful destiny.

In one of her visits to the village, she met Edward Harris—then a young lawyer just commencing practice. He was considered far above mediocrity, for talent and manliness, and every one thought, when he offered himself to Mary, that he was almost stooping from his high elevation; for he might have married among the gay, the wealthy, and fashionable. But he chose to marry Mary. Her father gave her a good setting out, and Mr. Harris' prosperous business enabled them to live pleasantly and comfortably, and bid fair to soon provide for them an ample independence. Mary seemed as happy as her good heart deserved to be, and all went on quietly and peaceably for two or three years. But Edward was often from home, and in his association with "gentlemen of the Bar"—men, educated, intelligent, and influential—men to whom the young and less favored mentally look up as patterns—he learned to be a drinker of ardent spirits,—*gently*, at first—and when Mary cautiously and kindly remonstrated, and spoke of danger, he laughed rudely at her fears, and pointed to Judge G., who took his dram half-a-dozen times a day, and had done so for twenty years without hurting him. Oh! ye moderate drinkers—ye who stand in high places in society, how fearful is your responsibility! How many thousand noble souls ye have led to perdition! how many thousand hearts ye have broken! how many thousand wives ye have widowed! how many thousand children ye have beggared and orphaned! Oh, George! trust not thy own strength. Where one man has self-control and self-denial to tamper with the accursed stimulant, and yet be saved, thousands fail.

But as I was saying, Edward laughed at the fears of his gentle young wife; but too soon. Oh, all too soon, her fears were realized. The bloated countenance, the dull eye, the morose temper, told the stricken wife their fearful tale.—Things grew worse and worse. Clients forsook him, and business left his hands. His unkindness almost prompted Mary to leave him and try

to take care of herself. She consulted with a few friends, upon whose counsel she felt she could rely; but they told her the old tale of woman's patient kindness and endearing love; bade her be gentle, smiling—aye, and *loving*.—as if woman could love and fondle the man who with every passing hour is giving himself up to his hellish appetites, and becoming in thought, word, and deed—a *fiend*. But they bade her be kind, and try it awhile longer. If she left him he would be totally lost—she was his wife, and she must not violate her marriage vow. He was not so bad yet as Mr. Jones, who often beat his wife, and took her hard earnings to buy his liquor.—Besides, Edward would never let her have any peace—he was a lawyer and would try to get the children—every body would blame her, &c., &c.. With such arguments was she kept at his side, while every feeling of her soul revolted at the idea of living with a drunkard. Edward Harris had broken, in the sight of God and man, his marriage vow. The compact entered into, he had made null and void. He did neither *love*, *cherish* nor *protect*, nor did he, "*leaving all others, cleave only unto her*." Religiously, *sacredly* had she lived up to every requirement of duty, while he recklessly, boldly set every duty aside; and yet the world said she must live with him—live, bear, and suffer on. And she did live and suffer on for two years more, and then a pair of twins—two little girls—were added to her heart trials. This was what she had dreaded—that she should, by living with him, add to the number of those whom his hourly self-indulgence was bringing down to wretchedness and woe. Had she yielded to the suggestions of her own heart, there would have been but two to have borne the name of "drunken Harris' children."

About the time her babes were born his house, and all his effects that the law would allow to be taken, went through the sheriff's hands at public auction, and the proceeds into the pockets of the tavern keeper of the village—a very good man—so the world said, for he was a member of the most popular church, never drank a drop himself, gave largely to benevolent societies, and was *very liberal to the poor*.

Mary and her four children, (the oldest our little Jenny, not five years old,) were obliged, while she was yet weak, to move into a hovel in the outskirts of the town; and Edward, driven to desperation, drank more freely than ever. He pawned his own clothes for drink, and finally stole away some trinkets, which had been Mary's in her better days, and sold them for one-half their value. With this money he got liquor, and for days lay drunk around the bar-room doors. In this state he was laid on a sled and brought home to his poor, despairing wife. She, pale, trembling, with her wailing infants not yet four weeks old, received him—aye, received him—what can I say more? A fit of delirium tremens followed, and the poor, suffering woman seemed to have strength given her to live and bear, still—to nurse him and comfort him, for his horrid agony stirred her sympathies to their lowest depths. You will wonder where Mary's father was all this time. He was dead—the brother's had sold the homestead, and with their widowed mother and sister gone to the far west; leaving Mary four years before, prosperous and happy. The small estate, though it made a comfortable living for them while the managing, energetic father lived, made but a small stipend when divided among eight children. They had not prospered, and were not in condition to help Mary.

By degrees Edward Harris recovered from his dreadful disease, but too weak to go out and obtain again the poisonous draught, and for once in years, he became duly sober. Conscience seemed to be awakened as he gained strength. He seemed to feel, more and more acutely, his terrible situation. He knew his name and fame bore a brand that in his old haunts could never be expunged; and he urged Mary to pack up their few effects and go with him to a new coun-

try. He promised her, faithfully and solemnly, to reform, and become a good father and husband. Mary consented; and by selling everything that would bring money, and by the assistance of a few friends who loved her, she gathered together enough to pay their way upon a steamer's deck to a far-off western village. Edward kept sober till they arrived here; and here they were set down by the captain without one dollar. They found a vacant room, into which they moved, and Edward, with a humbled pride and an aching heart, went to hunt work, that they might again live. He found a job of sawing wood, and at night took home three-quarters of a dollar. Mary fixed up their straw bed in the corner of the room, and made things just as comfortable as possible, and then she went out, feeble as she was, to hunt work also. This she soon found, in the shape of washing. By borrowing a tub, a kettle, and some other things, which her lady-like manners and her pleasant pale face insured her for the asking, she, too, had earned fifty cents ere nightfall; and as they gathered round the poor, broken hearth, and ate the scant, but wholesome meal of their own earning, Mary's heart swelled with hope—aye, earnest hope, that the husband of her early love, the father of her children, might yet be a man; and she laid her head upon his shoulder and wept tears of hopeful joy.

A little meal, and a little flour were procured, and with the surplus of their day's labor, Mary bought a wash-tub; and as their house was on the bank of the stream, where water was handy, and she could still have the kettle a few days, she went on with her work rejoicing. For a week all went well. Edward's fine manners and education attracted attention, and his resolution to help himself, made others willing to help him. Many little comforts were furnished, and Mary's renewed hopes seemed to give renewed strength. But, at the expiration of a week, all her bright prospects vanished! Edward came home one evening evidently excited with liquor, and told her that he had found permanent business—that the tavern-keeper of the village had offered him the place of bar keeper, till he could get acquainted and set up his profession again. Mary warned, begged, prayed, but all in vain. He had already tasted, and the demon was within. Down, down, down he went. Mary toiled, toiled, toiled, as he went down. She was a good sewer, but she knew that she could not support herself at that slow work, neither would it secure her health.—Every body pitied, everybody loved her that knew her. But she was too proud—loved independence too well, to beg.

At length the scarlet-fever swept through the neighborhood, and her little twins, now two years old, died. Mary clasped her hands in mute anguish over the little, unadorned coffin that held them both, and hardly knew, amid her soul's deep tortures, whether to weep or rejoice that they were taken from life's sufferings. Subdued and chastened, was her sorrow over that humble mound in the rural churchyard, compared with the soul-sickening conviction that another was soon to be added to share her trials—another, whose ushering into life would deprive her of the power of ministering to the wants of those who had only a mother's care to shield them.—Edward Harris was often found drunk in the muddy streets, rooted about by the hogs, and picked up by some one more humane than his fellows, and brought home to his own wretched door, to get sober on his own wretched bed, and to pour out his hideous curses and imprecations in the ears of his own wretched wife and children.

Mary's fifth child was born, and kind neighbors (for where are there not kind neighbors?) helped her through her day of trial; and she was soon well enough to resume her labors, little by little. Two years more—two terrible wearisome years, passed over her with no change for the better in Edward. At length, one stormy, dreary, cold spring morning, he was found, half-way

between his home and the tavern—DEAD. He had fallen, on his way the night before, with his face in a pool of water, and was too drunk to get out; and there he had strangled—his face to the earth, and the ice frozen about his head. Oh! horrible death! But yet, was it more horrible than his life? No; nothing can be more horrible than the life of a drunkard!

This happened two years ago. Since then Mary has got into a better cabin, and still works and washes round for those who need her, because she can thus earn more than in any other way. Little Jenny and Edward go to school, and she takes her baby with her to her work.—She was doing pretty well till she took that cold a few days ago, and her sickness exhausted her little means.

Now you know, my children, how Mrs. Harris came to be so poor. George, you are just entering life with a fair prospect before you. But not fairer or clearer is your sky, than was Edward Harris' when he married Mary Cadwallader. Had there been no fashionable drinking—had there been no licensed bar-rooms—had there been no strong, proud men to have winked at his first steppings aside from duty, he might now be standing among the great, the wealthy, and the good. His wife would not have been a washer-woman, toiling with an aching breast and heart, nor his children begging at his neighbor's door for a little milk. George, my child, BEWARE!

WIFE.

The word wife does not, in our opinion, simply mean, as Walker has it, "a woman that has a husband;" for some women have husbands, and good ones too, who are not wives according to our understanding of the term.—*Wife* does not mean, a woman, nor a lady only, nor a slave, nor a mistress, a mother, nor a nurse, a teacher, nor a companion, a tool, nor a plaything; but she is all these things, united together, in one beautiful and harmonious whole.

In society she is a woman, in the parlor a lady, in the nursery a slave, in the dining room a mistress, in her chamber a mother, in the sick room a nurse, to her children a teacher, to her husband a companion and an equal; but in no situation, whatever, can she be a politician, a preacher, a lawyer, physician, or philosopher, without becoming a literary blue stocking.

The office of wife, therefore, is the happiest yet most laborious, the highest, yet most humble position that frail mortality can occupy.—Nor is there any station on earth, to which the "lords of creation" can aspire, the duties of which are more responsible, and the faithful or imperfect discharge of which will be rewarded with more intensity, than that of the wife.

To society, she is an indispensable member. To the parlor, the most important personage, in the nursery, the most abject slave, in the dining-room, the most absolute sovereign, in her chamber a guardian angel, in the sick room the best physician, to her children the wisest priest, to her husband, the most valuable agent, the dearest and cheapest counsellor, the most loved and loving companion; in a word, "the wife to home" is every blessing the mortal mind can conceive, or heart can desire. *Home* without a wife, is a "strange land," a head without brains, a heart without a conscience, a ship without sails, an ocean without waves, a world without religion, a Heaven without a God.

The above definition of "*wife*" is cut from the New York Observer; a paper remarkable for its conservatism and wisdom. I give it to you as a kind of literary curiosity. Was there ever such nonsense, such palpable contradictions, condensed in so small a compass? I wish we could get this same author to define "husband" for us—a situation he might understand by experience, and not rude, abstract speculation—then we could get some idea of how he uses the English language, what meaning he attaches to words. If in any of our Con-

ventions we had said a true wife must necessarily be a "tool," a "plaything," an "abject slave," what a hue and cry Morse and Arthur, and all that class of men would have raised round our ears! How the weak, mean elements that compose either of these three characters, can be made to harmonize with those that belong to "teacher," "counsellor," "sovereign," and "friend," the author himself best knows.

We scarcely take up a paper but we find some namby pamby sort of articles on woman and wives. The same man that will write a very good article on men and things, who can describe the statesman, or steam-engine, admirably, seems completely befogged when he attempts a picture of his ideal woman, wife, or mother. And the reason is simply this; so long as man denies woman's identity with himself, he has no data to go upon in judging of her.—He might as well attempt a sketch of the peculiar characteristics of Satan or Gabriel; he must, in either case, draw upon his imagination for the whole of it. Now, gentlemen, just settle the question in your own minds, that we feel, and think, and are governed by the same motives of action as your lordly selves, and hereafter, give your advice to christians or sinners; for men and women, whether holy or unholy, will make very similar manifestations.

There is no use in your wasting your time in getting up one chapter of advice to wives, and another to husbands. Why not tell both to follow the golden rule, in every relation of life? Rely upon it, there is more virtue in the general teachings of Jesus of Nazareth, than in all the specified rules of life laid down by his self-styled followers.

E. C. S.

EMANCIPATION OF WOMEN.

A few days since, an Address was presented to MADAME KOSSUTH, by a deputation from the "Society for the Emancipation of Women." In addition to an expression of sympathy, this address contained the wish that the wife of the honored hero of the day would communicate to these ladies her sentiments respecting their efforts to achieve the freedom of her sex.

Madame Kossuth replied, that she thanked them heartily for this proof of their sympathy towards herself, and, through her, more particularly towards her country; that with respect to her own views on the emancipation of women, she had in earlier years, confined herself to the circle of her domestic duties, and had never been tempted to look beyond it; and that latterly the overwhelming course of events had left her, as might well be supposed, still less leisure for any speculations of this kind. It would, moreover, (such was the conclusion of her little speech,) be readily forgiven her, the wife of Kossuth, a man whom the general voice, not more than her own heart, pronounced distinguished, if she submitted herself entirely to his guidance, and never thought of emancipation! The admirable pertinence of this reply will be doubly appreciated, when it is mentioned that Madame Kossuth was altogether unprepared for the address of these ladies. Et.

I have been a real martyr to this speech of Madame Kossuth. It has been sent to me, and read to me, again and again. It seems to be regarded by some as a death blow to the "woman question"—a perfect answer to the claims we have set up. I have been repeatedly asked, "what do you think of that?" Why, I think that Kossuth has made many great speeches, and Madame Kossuth one pretty little one.—But she evidently did not understand the subject of which her opinion was asked, and the London ladies ought to have taken time to explain that they had no cause of complaint against manly, generous husbands, but solely with their Constitutions and Statute Books. E. C. S.

Written for The Lily.

THE NEW YEAR.

"A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO YOU," was the merry shout of ten thousand little urchins, whose hearts were made glad with the first beams which announced the birth of this day; and to you, readers of *The Lily*, may it prove indeed a happy one. As with yourself and I, the world was once in its youth; but, with the maturity which six thousand years has wrought, it comes down to us venerable with age. Already the finger, that marks the progress of the Nineteenth Century on the dial of Time, points to '52. Weary and way-worn the Old year sleeps with the past, and now the New year greets us with words of cheer, and laying at our feet a garland of budding promises, decked with twelve roses of various hues, it smiles upon us with many bright tokens of affection and love.

An old-fashioned wood-fire burns briskly on the hearth, and the light of the library lamp, dispensing its mellow rays, lights up the faces of kindly friends journeying onward with us towards the ripening future. The past with its pleasures and pains, the present with its duties and ambitions, and the future with its hopes and promises are all, all with us—for, to many, this is a time of thought, a period of reckoning. On some the smiles of life's sun has continued to beam with undimmed lustre, and about others the clouds of disappointment and sorrow have cast their gloomy shadows. The holidays with their train of festivities and pleasures are on the eve of their departure, but the drawing-room and party-chamber teem forth with joyousness and mirth, and sunny smiles answer back the glances of bright eyes while merry feet keep time with the soul-stirring music that enchants the ear. The New-Year's-feast has been served up, and the table, so richly laden with the rarities peculiar on the annual return of this day, has been removed, while all seem to inhale new life with the dawn of the new year. The venerable and aged, whose sun of life still lingers above the horizon of the grave, as they listen to the merry bells and happy voices, or witness the kindly greetings of long separated friends, are transported back to fairy-land of youth, and with the warm sunshine of brighter days, upon their hearts, they temporarily forget the weight of years upon them, and live again with the past, and group about them their companions of the olden time.

And to us, in the noon-day of life, it is altogether good and pleasant, as we move gently down the stream of our existence, to turn back once more and re-ascend through the long windings of our journey step by step to near its source; and sitting down amid the blossoms of eternal spring, by the rivulet of our childhood we invoke the aid of grateful memory. Here, with the sparkling ripples so wildly beautiful kissing our feet, we love to gaze down into its pearly waters, upon its pebbled bed of dreamy beauty, and recall the memories and scenes of that old Home—"our home"—until our hearts are full of gushing tenderness; and the bright and familiar faces of the companions of our home-joys and sorrows, speak to our very soul their strange, yet loving story of all that wins away our heart, even yet, to the home of our childhood and our youth; and still it blooms only the more beautiful, and its well remembered pleasures make our heart-throbs more tumultuous, since we have passed out into the great world and learned the truthful lessons taught with every day's experience.

Yet with all the endearing recollections which cluster about the olden-time-memories, much that is saddening intermingles. We would fain drop the veil of forgetfulness to shut out the intruding thoughts which hold to our lips the bitter dregs of life's cup; but true to the office assigned them, they bring up before our mind the hopes that have faded, the ties severed, and the friends gone home. Time has borne away the guardians of our infancy, and the advisers of our youth. The old fireside companions have dropped away,

one by one, and the social circle, that was ours, has been robbed of many of its brightest ornaments. Now but few remain of all those who were the choice of the world to us. Many have died, many are scattered we know not whither, and as we miss them from their accustomed places, the tears fill our eyes, and our hearts go out after them, sorrowing.

The commencement of the New-Year is a good time to reckon with ourselves, and if possible, to correct the errors and follies of the past. The duties discharged, and influence exerted the past year, in a good degree metes out to us the happiness the future affords. Every cause will have its legitimate effect, and whatsoever we have sown, that also must we reap. This truth we cannot evade, and we should not make light of it. Will conscience approve of the deeds performed, and the words uttered? If so, it is well with us. We were created social beings, and it is but our natures to become warmly attached to, and confide in the society with which we mingle; and yet for all this, often, through foolish jestings or imprudent acts, we are quite too rash in giving offense to others, wounding their feelings and embittering their being. And when we read in their countenances the sad fruit of our folly, instead of stealing to their side and removing the injury inflicted, through penitence and warm assurances of friendship, craving pardon for the unhappy deed so thoughtlessly committed by us, are we not too often moved by the prompting of pride—Oh! how cruelly, to turn away from them with a haughty mein, deepening the wound and closing up effectually every avenue to a reconciliation. Who then may measure the bitter regrets which steal our peace, or know the piercing pains which burn into the very heart of our victim. To wound is easy, but to heal is difficult. Care should also be taken that we be not hasty in believing an intended wrong in others; and see to it that the beam, which magnifies their faults, be plucked from our own eyes, that we may see clearly.

Is it not then a fit time to resolve, with the commencement of this year, to live a better and more exemplary life. Through the long vista of eighteen hundred years, the injunction of the great Teacher comes down to us, no less touching and beautiful, than it is chiding and instructive:—"All things whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them." To us they are full of interest—time has not wasted their fitness, neither has the much good they have already wrought, robbed them of their virtues or their force. They will remain to the end of time a chart and compass to the toiling millions of earth, beckoning them onward to the haven of prosperity and peace; and to it should we cling as the fated "mariner to the last plank when night and the tempest have closed around." Happy indeed shall we be, if we are permitted to carry out, amid the struggles which darken this earth-life, the good we thus resolve to do, and the evils we wish to shun.

The earth, itself, remains as bright and beautiful as when it came from the hands of the Architect of the universe; but sin, that destroyer of every good, is here; poisoning the pure fountains of our existence, and blighting with its withering touch the opening buds that promise us joy and peace. It loves to spit its venom in the very bosom of Home, and transforms to a polluted thing the best and wisest means to advance our social good and bless the world. The spoiler could not even spare this land, our goodly heritage, given to the suffering and down-trodden of the Old World for an Asylum of Liberty; but here, like a festering sore, it continues to gnaw deeper and deeper into the vitals of society. When we look over the Record which time has kept of our National advancement, our heart bleeds over the picture of the wrongs existing among, and growing upon us as a people. Intemperance stalks abroad at noon-day scattering fire-brands and death on every side, and shrinks not to drink the very life-blood from the heart of Home; and while the in-

nocent lie crushed and bleeding at their own threshold, cruel and unjust laws withhold the key of Justice which unlocks the remedy! Slavery—not black slavery alone, but white slavery—slavery of fashion, of body and mind, which prostrates the energies, engenders disease, embitters life, and threatens the final dissolution of all our most cherished hopes and purest joys, is imposed upon us by the silly and vulgar of other nations, and bound to us by the customs of society.

But the dawn of a brighter Era already beams upon us! During the sojourn of the Old year very many bright stars have been added to the galaxy of truth; and here we take to ourself fresh assurances of the justice of our cause, and its onward march toward its final, effectual triumph. For despite the difficulties and opposition through which it has labored—despite the darkness which has sometimes obscured its future, the day-star of promise appears, and the day will speedily follow. The people who have long sat in the regions and shadow of death will rejoice in that day, when throwing aside the shackles of slavery, they may walk erect in the full light of the noon-day sun; for He who cannot lie, hath declared the right of every human being to life, liberty, and home, and to the means of securing to themselves the full development of their moral and intellectual faculties; and to that end were all created free and equal.

Come then friends of HUMANITY! and, as we journey on through the increasing duties of the New Year, let us commune together, staying up each others hands in the great and good work; and unitedly let us labor and lift up our voices in the cause of Universal Brotherhood, and ONE DAY we shall come forth from the harvest of our toils, bearing our sheaves with us.

BLANCHE.

LANSING, Mich. Jan. 1. 1852.

For The Lily.

WOMAN'S WAGES.

It is a well known fact, that woman has but few if any vocations in which she can demand a fair compensation for her labor. A false public sentiment teaches, that as her business avocations are few and limited, she must consequently receive little. That it is so, is no reason that it should ever remain thus. Withhold inducement from active business life, and energy dies, and we sink at once into sloth, and criminal dependence. Let public sentiment continue to tell us that we are incapable of strong exertions, and we care little, for we are daily proving that strength, both mental and physical is the offspring of exercise. But withhold from us equal remuneration for similar services rendered, and we become dependent upon father, brother, or husband—not because we are incapable of being self-dependent, but because the means of becoming so is withheld. From this point may we not see the one great cause of woman's inferiority in business life? may not from thence also be traced much of her vanity and ignorance of all practical knowledge? Let at once higher pecuniary rewards be held out to her for the diligent performance of business, and fewer moments will be spent in arraying the person to win admiration. Ignorance is the effect of mental imbecility produced by that fashionable teaching, that seeks only to polish, while knowledge crowns the practical and useful. Let, as an inducement to application, more honorable vocations, connected with larger remunerations be opened to us, and thousands would study deeply to secure an education, who are now prevented through want of means, or are disgusted with the mere *favor*, a fashionable, without a practical education confers.—As this wrong is a great cause of so much mental weakness, poverty and crime, it follows that great good might be secured to the present, and future generations if a reform in this particular moves onward. Action, immediate and efficient, is here called for. Who among our American Philanthropists, will give a new impetus to the cause

which must not stop, but move on until it has hurled from among us that slavish social wrong, that withholds from women proper remuneration for labor, thus causing her to be dependent and imbecile, when she might otherwise become self-relying, independent and eminently, useful.

L. A. M.

Seneca Falls, Dec. 1851.

THE LILY.

JANUARY,.....1852.

THE NEW YEAR.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR to the readers of The Lily, and all the world besides! Such is the wish that comes from the depths of our heart as the New Year bursts upon us. To many it will indeed be a happy new-year, buoyant with hope, and rich with promise; but we cannot conceal from ourselves the knowledge that to many others it will bring sad remembrances, blasted hopes, and a sad prospect for the future. The ushering in of this new year will not bring happiness to the drunkard's squalid home—will not cheer the heart of his sorrow-stricken wife, or bring bread to her famishing babes! It is mockery to bid them a happy new year, while we withhold the means of happiness, and inflict the keenest misery upon them by permitting the great destroyer to riot upon their affections, blast all their hopes of happiness, and turn them paupers upon the world.

To the thousands of women, in city and country, who are dependent upon their own meagre earnings for clothing and sustenance, fire and shelter, the new year cannot bring happiness. Toiling, toiling, toiling early and late, for the pittance which is doled out to them, and out of which they must support themselves, and not unfrequently an aged mother, or drunken husband, and helpless children, what time have they to think of happiness, or what right to claim a share of it? Alas! for these, when the keen winds of winter whistle through their wretched garrets, and damp dreary cellars! They know no happiness—no comfort! God hasten the day when these wronged, neglected ones shall have their rights accorded them;—when they may be permitted to compete with man in his various business avocations, and receive the just reward of their labors! Let every friend of suffering humanity lend a helping hand to the poor victims of poverty and cruelty; and if they cannot be made happy, let their burthens be lightened and their sufferings alleviated.

We enter upon the fourth year of our public labors happy and thankful for the blessings and mercies which have followed us thus far, and look forward with high hopes and expectations for the ultimate triumph of those principles which we have embraced, and endeavored to promote. The past year has been an eventful one, and the new year which now greets us with its joyous smiles, promises to be still more so. Whatever part we may be called upon to perform, we shall do to the best of our ability, and as will, in our judgment, best promote the interests of our sex; for that is the great object for which we labor.

OH, SHAME!

The Bloomers and other "strong minded females" who insist that women should do all that men do, will be encouraged to hear that a woman in Michigan, has taken up horse-stealing as a calling, and proved fully equal to her business. She is in jail at present.—[Utica Teetotaler.

No "Bloomer," or other "strong minded" woman would be guilty of horse stealing, or have the meanness to write such a paragraph as the above. It is the weak-minded and uneducated among men who are guilty of horse-stealing and such like vices, and not the "strong minded," and intelligent. There may be, and are, ignorant, degraded women, who imitate the vices of evil men; and it is no worse for them to steal horses, get drunk, chew tobacco, and lead dissolute lives, than it is for men to do the same things. Yet we much doubt whether a "strong minded" woman can be found who would admit that either had a right to engage in such low and criminal callings, much less to "insist" that woman should do wrong because man does. There are also strong minded, virtuous, intelligent, women, who would imitate the virtues of strong minded intelligent men; and it is just as right for these women to engage in any honorable employment, enter upon the professions, fill the offices of State, &c. &c., as it is for these men; whatever it is right for them to do, is right also for her. Neither of this latter class would "be encouraged" by the faults of others, or rejoice over the fall of those who have been less favorably circumstanced than themselves.

If the history of this Michigan woman-thief—over whose sad crime, editors are having so much glee—could be traced, and the causes which led to her present ignominious course be discovered, we doubt whether we should find a cultivated intellect, well trained moral powers, and a strong mind. On the contrary, she was probably born of intemperate, or ignorant and vicious parents, her education in childhood neglected, and all the finer feelings of her nature corrupted and seared; while coarse language, evil companionship and pinching poverty early inured her to deeds of evil. Such should be held up as reasons why we should be uncensuring in our labors for the elevation of our sex and of humanity: and he who points to them in scorn, and thinks thus to bring reproach upon the noble women of our land, and intimidate them from pursuing their high and holy purpose, is himself wanting in the noble traits which adorn the character of man, and unworthy the companionship of a "strong minded" woman. We are sorry that Mr. Bailey of the Teetotaler has disgraced himself and his paper by inserting such a paragraph.

THE CARPET BAG, published at Boston is the oddest, the funniest, and most amusing paper that comes to our table. Its wit is keen, its humor entertaining, its hits pointed, and being the organ of Mrs. Partington, contains, of course, all the sagacious and profound speculations of that most remarkable lady. It is withal beautifully printed, and embellished with numerous engravings, and can be had for \$2 a year.

MACHINE LABOR.—There are now in this city, no less than fifty sewing machines driven by steam power, which turn out an enormous number of pants each day, besides fine coats and other articles of apparel. One girl with the aid of machinery, can turn out as much work as six girls can with a needle used by hand. The profits are enormous.—[New-York Traveler.

And what is to become of the poor sewing girls, if machines are to do all the work? If one girl can do the work of six, where shall the remaining five, who have depended hitherto for support upon the needle, look for employment? Sewing has been thought to belong appropriately to woman's sphere, but if she is to be deprived of that body-killing labor, what will become of the thousands of poor creatures who depend on it for the pitiful morsel which keeps them from starving? Already have employers ground their wages down to the lowest farthing, and now they propose throwing them out of employment entirely, and casting them helpless and penniless upon the world, by substituting machinery to perform their part.

This is only another instance of the injustice and cruelty exercised towards the dependent women of our land. Man not only appropriates to himself all pleasant and profitable avocations said to belong exclusively to him, but he must trespass upon those belonging more exclusively to woman, and crowd her entirely out of the field! Well, we cannot say that we are sorry it is so. His hardy frame is fitted for many duties which are destructive to her, and the sooner she is out of them the better. If men will do the sewing, or invent machinery to do it, woman should be thankful: for it is the most wearing and unhealthy business in which she can engage. And if she is driven out of her "sphere" man cannot censure her for going out, and seeking out new fields of industry.

All unconsciously he is opening her eyes to a sense of her wrongs, and impelling her to take possession of those rights which he would gladly withhold from her.

The daughters of Erin have monopolized our kitchens, and men are going to do the sewing in future, so there is nothing left for the women of America, but to press into the trades and professions, and engage in mercantile, commercial, and agricultural pursuits. Old land-marks must be removed, and all barriers which obstruct her course broken down. The world is her sphere, and wherever duty or interest may call her, there should she be free to go. And she will be the gainer by the change. Active, and out-door avocations will restore health and vigor to her shattered frame, and the more lucrative and pleasant employments will call forth all her energies, and bring into action the undeveloped powers of her mind.

Henceforth let those who from necessity or inclination wish to gain for themselves a competence, enter upon any field of honest industry which may open before them, or to which they may force an entrance; and while they share in the occupations of men, let men also if they will, share those heretofore appropriated by woman.

The Water Cure Journal for January, is received, and is filled as usual with a rich variety of good things.

The following article was prepared for the December number, but crowded out. L. C., will please pardon us for the seeming neglect of her letter.

TEMPERANCE SOCIETIES—"THE DAUGHTERS."

We have received a long communication from L. C., another Daughter of Temperance, taking us to task for saying that forming societies and passing resolutions would have no effect to shut up the liquor dens. Well we are glad we have said something to call the Daughters out; but they have somewhat mistaken our meaning in what we said of societies. We have expressed our approval of them, and recommended their formation on account of the social feeling they create, the means they afford for developing the powers of the mind, and giving their members business capacities. But we know these societies are not generally what they might and should be. They are too often mere milk and water affairs. For twenty or thirty women to get together—the majority perfectly inactive and silent, while two or three take the lead and go through certain forms, and pass a few resolutions, and then adjourn to meet again in a week, or month, to go through the same routine, has no more effect to stop the liquor traffic than the mewings of so many kittens would have. The world is none the wiser or better for their doings, as no action follows them. We would not discourage these societies, but we would impress upon their minds a sense of the great responsibility resting upon them as an equal half of humanity, and stimulate them to more decided action. They should not rest satisfied with half-way work; or trust to influencing "Odd Fellows, Masons, Churches," or even the Sons, to "use their moral, religious, or political influence," for the overthrow of the great evil. L. C., must be a raw recruit if she has faith in woman's stopping the traffic in this way. No, no, woman should no longer look to, and depend upon man alone. She has duties of her own to perform, and should go about them as if there were no men to rest upon. At present she has no power to act efficiently, but she should be unceasing in her demands for the restoration of her political rights, that she may not only use this power in obtaining a prohibitory law, but in seeing it enforced when obtained.

As "union is strength," it is necessary that societies be formed, and meetings held to report progress, devise plans, and consult upon the best mode of conducting the warfare; this done, the work should be carried on vigorously and effectually.

L. C., asks us to suggest a plan of operation. We have no plan. What they propose doing this winter by sending petitions to the legislature, and a committee to take charge of them is well, and we hope it will be followed up by other and stronger manifestations. We would approve of almost any plan. It would be well if a Temperance Woman's Rights Convention could be held yearly for consultation and discussion of this important question. This would create an excitement, arrest the attention of the unthinking, and have a tendency to strengthen the weak nerves of our brothers, the "Sons," and perhaps stimu-

late them to a little exertion. We need active, determined, fearless women to engage in this work—women who will not be frightened or deterred from their purpose by the "lions," in their path. Have we got such? We have a few, and others are gathering round our standard. Our hopes are strong, that they will ere long be a great army, that the battle of freedom will then be fought, and the crown of victory rest upon woman's banner.

KOSSUTH HAS COME TO AMERICA.

The noble Magyar patriot no longer pines in a Turkish prison! His feet now tread the soil of freedom, and the warm hearts and stout arms of our countrymen encircle him on every side in a warm and generous welcome. Long life and success to the great Hungarian patriot—the noblest representative and most eloquent advocate of liberty now living! He has come to the New World to plead his country's cause, and to ask for aid in another effort which will soon be made for Hungarian freedom and independence. And nobly does he plead that cause. We earnestly hope that all the aid which our country ought, and can give him in advancing his holy mission, will be given with a free and bountiful hand; and that when he re-crosses the stormy Atlantic to light up again in his own country the watch fires of freedom, he may carry with him the proud assurance that the great republic of the *New World* is not an indifferent spectator of the struggle of liberty against despotism, in the *Old*.

OUR CONTRIBUTORS.

We feel a little proud of the addition of several writers of acknowledged talent to our list of contributors:—

First comes Mrs. Gage—dear, good "Aunt Fanny," whom every body loves, and whose heart overflows with love for the whole human race. She possesses abilities of no common order, and has attained an enviable literary reputation. We shall receive from her many good things.

"BLANCHE," writes sweetly. Her's is a kindred spirit. We extend to her, our sisterly regards, and give her a hearty welcome to our circle of choice friends.

HARRIET N. TORREY, writes us such amusing private letters, we cannot help loving her. They drive away "the blues," and excite hearty laughter. We hope she will not think she must put on a sober face when talking to our readers.

In addition to these, we shall have contributions from our valued assistant Mrs. Stanton, who is well known for her able and fearless advocacy of the rights of woman; Mrs. Vaughan, with whose writings and kindly sympathies for the poor victims of the liquor traffic our readers are already familiar; L. A. M., who pleads for justice to woman by opening to her business avocations and giving her a fair remuneration for her labor; these, and many others will from time to time appear before our readers.

We have now on hand several communications which are unavoidably crowded out of this number.

"ARE YOU GOING?"

I have heard that Mr. BEALE, one of the co-lessees of the Royal Italian Opera, with Mr. De-la-field, has induced the real Mrs. BLOOMER—by a tempting offer of £50 a week—to cross the Atlantic and give lectures on the reform in female costume in this country.—London Correspondence of N. Y. Times.

As the enquiry is often made whether we are really going to England, we may as well satisfy the curious at once. Our engagements at home are such that we cannot possibly leave this winter, for so long a time as would be required to cross the Atlantic for the purpose above mentioned. There would be nobody at home to cook the dinner, and wash the dishes if we were gone—nobody to take charge of 'The Lily,' or fill our place in waiting on the "dear people." We are therefore under the necessity of postponing our trip for an indefinite time.

Fowlers & Wells, have sent us the following from their extensive library of choice publications.

COMBE'S PHYSIOLOGY.

FOWLER, ON MEMORY.

FOWLER, ON HEREDITARY DESCENT.

PHYSIOLOGY, ANIMAL & MENTAL. O. S. Fowler.

HYDROPATHIC ENCYCLOPEDIA, Vol. I. R. T. Trall, M. D.

SELF CULTURE—including the Management of Youth.

NATURAL LAWS OF MAN. Spurzheim.

A MOTHER'S THOUGHTS ON PARENTAL RESPONSIBILITY. By Mrs. C. M. Steele.

LABOR:—ITS HISTORY AND PROSPECTS. By Robert Dale Owen.

SHADOW LAND, or THE SEER. Mrs. E. Oaks Smith.

INFANCY, or the proper management of children:—By Andrew Combe, M. D.

INNOVATION:—By John Patterson.

The above works all contain highly useful and interesting matter, and if well studied would contribute greatly to the welfare and happiness of our race. The first six are large volumes, handsomely bound in cloth, and illustrated with numerous engravings. The others in paper covers. For sale by Fowlers & Wells, 131 Nassau street, New-York.

A REVIVAL.

We are heartily glad to notice that new zeal seems to inspire the friends of temperance in this village. A new Temperance Society has been formed, the meetings of which, held weekly, are well attended. The Reformed Brotherhood are also, we learn, doing a good work.

Their numbers have so increased, as to demand a new Hall, which they have recently procured and fitted up, and will soon be dedicated. Let the good work go on, and we shall have a temperance revival here ere long which will make the rum-sellers tremble for the safety of their craft.

WOMAN AND HER NEEDS:—We have a few copies of this work not yet disposed of, which we shall be happy to place in the hands of those who can appreciate its worth. Call at our office and get one.—Price 25 cents.

REPLY TO KOSSUTH'S SPEECH TO THE LADIES OF NEW YORK.

In the speech made to the ladies of New York, Kossuth says, "With us the widow remains the head of the family, as the father was. As long as she lives she is the mistress of the property of her deceased husband. The chivalrous spirit of the nation supposes she will provide with motherly care, for the wants of her children. The widow of a lord had a right to send her representative to the Parliament, and in the county elections of public functionaries, widows had a right to vote alike with the men."

How such words should cause American men to blush! We fancy we hear Rev. Rufus Griswold, or James Watson Webb, reply to these noble expressions of the brave Hungarian, in words something like the following:—

"I am surprised, noble Sir, to learn that you give such freedom to the women of your country,—that you permit them thus to outstep their sphere—to lay aside all modesty, all delicacy, all dependence on man, and become the guardians of their own children, the protectors of their own property, and the representatives of their own interests! Why, Sir, American chivalry is different from this! By the laws of our free land women are classed with slaves and idiots. We do not consider them capable of taking care of themselves or of property, or fit to be guardians of their own children, without the aid of man, much less of exercising the right of suffrage. Besides, these come not within their sphere. Our women are mostly either parlor dolls or kitchen drudges. We hold that it is wrong for them to know any thing of their husband's business affairs, or of the history and politics of their country. We permit them to read fictitious stories, and to weep over imaginary woes, but with the real sorrows—the real wrongs of humanity, we expect them to have no sympathy. The highest charm of woman is to be ignorant of all that is useful and practical, and her crowning virtue to be 'sweetly dependent on man.'—True, we have thousands of women who have no men to depend on; but these must get along as best they may. We have fears of our women becoming masculine, and self-dependent, if too much liberty is given them, so we limit the number of their avocations, and exclude them from all lucrative employments. True, much suffering is caused to them by being denied liberty of action, and the right to legislate for themselves, but notwithstanding this, we cannot permit them to go out of their sphere, and so they must submit."

In this free land, the moment a woman has consigned the body of her deceased husband to the grave, the law steps in and takes matters into its hand. She thinks it cruel, in the midst of her sorrow for the dead, to be stripped of the guardianship of her children, and all control over the property which she has spent years of toil to aid in accumulating. But she is not capable of taking care of it, or of judging what is best, so the law appoints guardians for the children, and administrators to take charge of affairs, and see that she does not spend a cent more than is allowed her. She is allowed a life interest in one third of her property, while two thirds go to the children or relatives of her husband. If the third will support her, well; if not, she must work like a slave for her bread, or become a town pauper. Our poor widows are taxed on the little they have the same as our wealthy men, and this tax we compel them to pay out of their little earnings; even though they suffer in consequence for want of the necessities of life. Yet we do not permit them to represent that property, or think it any concern of theirs to know for what they are taxed, or what disposition is made of their husband's effects. On all this we expect them to

be profoundly ignorant. In short, sir, we, the men, claim to be the protectors and representatives of women. We consider them our property, and we best know what is for their interests. We have, here and there, throughout our country, a few *silly, masculine* women, who affect to think these things wrong, and claim that woman is an equal part of humanity, and entitled to equal social, civil, political and educational privileges with man—that all restraints upon her should be removed, and she left free to choose her own sphere of effort, and that she should have the same opportunities for physical, mental and moral improvement as are enjoyed by man. But, sir, we cannot permit our women thus to unsex themselves and become "manish." We cannot give scope to their naturally brilliant mental powers, or enlarge the field of their activity and genius. This liberty would make them more courageous, more self dependent, more intelligent, and fit them more truly to become the mothers and teachers of our children, and companions for ourselves. But we want them not for companions, but *subjects*. We wish them to be soft, delicate and helpless, ignorant and indolent, fit only to be our playthings, or slaves, as the case may be, and ever our dependents. We hope, by ridicule and abusive epithets, to quell the spirit of rebellion which is spreading among women, and drive them back to their own proper sphere. If we cannot do this, society will be revolutionized and our women ruined. I deeply regret, sir, that by the utterance of such sentiments as you have here given, you countenance the claims of the innovators of our country, and strengthen their cause. Hungarian chivalry may do for you, sir, but we will none of it."

We opine that both Governor and Madame Kossuth after hearing this speech, would conclude that if American women did not wish emancipation from their husbands, they needed to be emancipated from the laws and customs made for them by American chivalry.

GRAHAM says the fashion plate in the January number of his Magazine cost *one thousand dollars*. We think this expenditure more worthy of shame, than of glory. Far better for the people to pay him the thousand dollars to suppress these distortions and caricatures of the female form, than by countenancing them to aid in entailing folly, disease, and death, upon the human race.

The reading contents of this magazine are of a high order, and the engravings very fine.

LADIES' WREATH.—The January number of this neat dollar monthly is received. This, together with other monthlies, is for sale at J. C. Woodworth's.

PHRENOLOGICAL JOURNAL.—A new volume of this popular and excellent publication commences with January, 1852. No one can read this highly useful work without being benefitted by it. We would especially commend it to parents and those having charge of children. They cannot fail of deriving great advantages from its study. The January number contains, among many other good things, a sketch of the life and character of Kossuth, with two portraits of that distinguished gentleman; one taken from a daguerreotype.

DRESS MAKING.—Mrs. Babbet has removed to Fall st., three doors east of Chapman's corner.

"SENEX" shall be heard again next month.

THE MAINE LIQUOR LAW, which forbids the sale or gift of intoxicating drinks, and permits the seizure and destruction of the poison wherever found, has awakened new hopes in the hearts of every friend of temperance, and brought joy to the oppressed victims of the cruel laws of former years.

Hope once more cheers the hearts, and lights up the home of the drunkard's sorrowing wife, and starving children, and bids them look forward to a happier day, when the destroyer shall be slain, and peace and comfort again be theirs. New zeal pervades the entire ranks of the temperance soldiery, and a mighty effort will be made in this and other states to obtain during the present legislative session, a law similar to that of Maine.

Each of the figures in our fashion plate has a slight fault. The hat of the left hand figure appears to meet under the chin, whereas it is, in reality, a round beaver hat. The trousers of the other figure are *too full*. This is our fault, however, and not that of the artist. In all other respects they are faithful representations of the dress.

MR. GENIN, the celebrated New York hatter, has got up a style of winter hat for the wearers of the new costume. They are a modification of the Kossuth hat, very light, and when elegantly trimmed are said to be very beautiful and becoming. Another winter these hats will, no doubt, be much worn; and those who are not already provided with one of some kind for the present winter will do well to order one from Genin's. Wish we had one of them.

A great Temperance Meeting is to be held in Albany, the last week of the present month. Sons of Temperance, and members of the State, and all other societies, are to come together and make a grand rally for a law which shall prohibit the gift or sale of intoxicating drinks.

We are told that the Grand Union of Daughters of Temperance, are to meet at the same time and place. Great good will result from this demonstration. Let all who can, be present to swell the throng.

The finely executed "fashion plate," on our first page, was engraved by N. Orr of New-York, who deservedly stands at the head of his profession in this country.

THE DRAWING ROOM COMPANION, commences a new volume with the new year. It is to be still farther improved, and forms a truly splendid work.

BLOOMERS ON SKATES.—A large number of our citizens were regaled on Saturday afternoon with the spectacle of some 15 or 20 young ladies in the Bloomer costume skating on Back Bay.—The ladies proved themselves to be most excellent and graceful skaters, not one of them catching a fall. [Bost. Herald.]

In Portland there were four hundred liquor-sellers when the law passed. Now there are none, unless liquor may be dealt out at a few Irish shanties.

For The Lily.
THE GRAVE OF THE DRUNKARD.

A Parody on the Grave of Napoleon.

In a cold lonely spot where the brier and thistle
Bedeck, the grey rock, and the howling winds
rave,
The drunkard lies still; while the dew drooping
willow
Like fond weeping mourners, hang over his
grave.
The lightning may flash, and the loud thunder
rattle;
He heeds not, he hears not, he is free from all
pain;
He sleeps his last sleep, he has drained his last
bottle:
No sound can awake the poor drunkard again.
No sound, &c.

O, shade of the mighty! where now are thy le-
gions,
That rush'd to the bar when thou lead'st them
on?
Alas! dissipation has destroy'd all their reason,
And all of their triumph in sorrow is gone.
Though nations may combat, and wars cannon
rattle,
They heed not, they hear not, they are free from
all pain;
They sleep their last sleep, they have drain'd
their last bottle,
No sound can awake the poor drunkard again.
No sound, &c.

Yet, spirit immortal! the tomb cannot bind thee!
For at sound of the trumpet thou must meet thy
stern God;
Thou spring'st from bondage and leav'st behind
thee,
A name that will ever be mingled with Grog.
Thy friends may loud call, and wars cannon rat-
tle,
Thy oaths and carousings will cease to be heard;
Thou hast done thy last work, thou hast drain'd
thy last bottle;
No sound can awake thee to revel again.
No sound, &c.

Now drunkards awake! the time is not distant,
When you, with your comrades, that rail'd at the
bar,
Must surrender your drinking, your oaths and
your tipling,
And give an account of your life spent thus far!
All love for the bottle will soon be forgotten,
And your heads must lie low in the cold lonely
grave,
Where the flashes of lightning, and loud peals of
thunder,
Perform the sad requiem over your grave.
Perform the, &c.

GOWANDA, Dec. 1851.

L. A. L.

For The Lily.
FUGITIVE LINES.

O'er the pathway of life, when dark shadows are
creeping,
And the lone heart recoils from the gathering
gloom;
O'er urn of the past, when the spirit leans weep-
ing
For virtue and loveliness veiled in the tomb,
When the heart in its loneliness pining with sor-
row,
And venting its anguish in fast streaming tears.
Sees nought but despair, in the coming to-mor-
row,
And the world like a wide-spreading desert ap-
pears.
How sweetly the gentle-toned voice of affection,
Like the music of Angel-harps floating below,
Arouses the soul from its mournful dejection,
And seals up the murmuring fountain of woe.

It comes, like soft music, at even-tide stealing
Abroad on the breezes from bowers of love,
Bright visions of Heaven to the spirit revealing,
To allure it away to its treasures above.

HARRIET N. TORREY.

Parkman, Ohio.

An Incident in the West.

"Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast!"
About a year since, a temperance man moved
with his family from South Carolina to the West.
The sparseness of the population and the contin-
ual travel past his place, rendered it a necessary
act of humanity in him to frequently entertain
travellers who could get no further. Owing to
the frequency of these calls, he resolved to en-
large his house and put up the usual sign.
Soon after this an election came on; the trium-
phant party felt that it was a wonderful victory,
and some "young bloods" of the majority deter-
mined, in honor of it, to have a regular "blow
out." Accordingly, mounted on their fine prai-
rie horses, they started on a long ride. Every
tavern was visited on their route, and the variety
thus drank produced a mixture which added
greatly to the noise and boisterousness of the com-
pany. In this condition they came, about a doz-
en in number to our quiet temperance tavern.—
The landlord and lady were absent and the eldest
daughter fourteen years of age, and five younger
children were alone in the house.

These gentlemen, (for they considered them-
selves as such,) called for liquor.

"We have none," was the modest reply of
the young girl.

"What do you keep tavern for then?"

"For the accommodation of travellers."

"Well, then accommodate us with something
to drink."

"You will see, sir, by the sign, that we keep
a temperance tavern."

"A temperance tavern!" (Here all the chil-
dren clustered around their sister.) "Give me an
axe and I'll cut down the sign."

"You will find an axe at the woodpile, sir."

Here the party, each one with an oath, made a
rush to the woodpile, exclaiming—

"Down with the sign! Down with the
sign!"

But the leader in going out, discovered in an
adjoining room a splendid piano and its accom-
paniments.

"Who makes that thing squeak?" he in-
quired.

"I play sometimes," said she in a quiet, mod-
est manner.

"You do? Give us a tune."

"Certainly sir; and taking a stool, while the
children formed a circle close to her, she sung
and played "The Old Arm Chair." Some of
them had never heard a piano before; others had
not heard one for years. The tumult was soon
hushed; the whip and spur gentlemen were
drawn back from the woodpile and formed a
circle outside of the children. The leader again
spoke:

"Will you be so kind as to favor us with an-
other song?"

Another was played, and the children becom-
ing re-assured, some of them joined their sweet
voices with their sister's. Song after song was
sung and played. One would touch the sympa-
thies of the strangers, another melt them in grief,
one would arouse their patriotism, another their
chivalry and benevolence until at length, ashamed
to ask for more, they made each a low bow, and
thanked her, wished her good afternoon, and left
as quietly as if they had been to a funeral.

Months after this occurrence, the father in trav-
elling, stopped at a village, where a gentleman
accosted him:

"Are you Col. P——, of S——?"

"I am."

"Well, sir, I am spokesman of the party who

so grossly insulted your innocent family, threat-
ened to cut down your sign, and spoke so rudely
to your children. You have just cause to be
proud of your daughter, sir; her noble courage
and fearless daring were remarkable in one so
young and unprotected. Can you pardon me,
sir? I feel that I can never forgive myself."

CORONER'S INQUEST.

*Melancholy Destitution.—Drunkenness, and
Death of a Woman.*

An Inquest was held in this day, (Wednesday,
26th,) at the Red Lion Inn, corner of Church and
Adelaide Streets, before John King, M. D., Cor-
oner, on the body of Jane Carlin, wife of Thomas
Carlin, shoemaker, residing in Stanley Street,
when it appeared in evidence that the deceased
and her husband had been living in an incessant
state of drunkenness for the last six days, and
were totally destitute of food. The body of the
deceased presented a most melancholy appear-
ance, being quite naked, and there was not a sin-
gle article of clothing in the house to do more
than cover a portion of the remains. She had
disposed of every part of her clothes for whiskey.
There was not even a grain of straw in the ap-
pearance of a bed, nor an article of furniture in
the house. Verdict,—died from excessive drunk-
enness, together with exposure from the cold,
and for want of proper nourishment.—[Toronto
Colonist.

FROZEN TO DEATH.—A woman was found
dead in the street in Newark, New-Jersey, on
Tuesday evening. The coroner's jury reported,
"death from intemperance and exposure."

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